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## THE TENANT-RIGHT.

AN IRISH STORY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

'Sir, I advocate the tenant-right.'—*The Candidate.*

'You have a fine time of it among the quality, there's no denying it,' said Mary Connor to her foster-sister, Grace Kenny. 'You have, miss, a fine time of it; and why not? Sure it's your birthright, dear. You have as much right to the carriage as I have to the piggin,' she continued, lifting it up from the ground with a cheerful smile, and poisoning it upon her head with the grace of a Grecian nymph.

'But, Mary, why do you not come up to the big house, and be my own maid? My dear uncle lets me do just as I like. I might have twenty own maids if I wished. Bell will soon go away to be married; so do, Mary, come; surely I have a right to my foster-sister?'

'Every right in life, dear; next to my grandmother.'

'And, Phil——' added the young lady; 'but indeed, Mary, Phil is not worthy of you. My uncle says his land is very bad.'

'His honour could mighty aisy give him better,' replied the maiden; 'but that's nothing against Phil that I can see, though it may be against the land. Still, miss, dear, don't be evenin' Phil or any one else to me. I've plenty of time, and things will mend; it's a long lane that has no turning.'

Miss Kenny bade her foster-sister good-morning.

Mary Connor had a great deal of native grace and dignity in her carriage and manner; she was fully and beautifully formed, and her dark hair and eyes, combined with delicate features, spoke of her southern origin. She was, so to say, more ladylike than Grace—a laughing, mischievous, blue-eyed, round-nosed little person—but whose attractions were pronounced 'surpassing,' under the influence of ten thousand pounds. Not one in possession, and nine in prospective, but ten thousand in actual cash. Grace drove on, humming, 'My heart's my own;' while Mary, more thoughtful, walked slowly along the mountain-path that skirted Philip Boyle's farm. She was going for 'spring water' to the hill well; but instead of drawing the water at once when she arrived there, she set the piggin on the wall, and leaning against it, held the gate open with her hand.

'Is it for me you're waiting on the gate, darling?' exclaimed Philip joyfully, while he pressed her to his heart. 'Sure I'd have soon opened it, and you on the other side!'

'I like to meet you here,' she replied frankly and innocently. 'I like to meet you here, in the view of those old grand hills, and beside this well, where so many in old times got the sight of their eyes, and the

use of their limbs: it must be a holy place, for all that to be done in it.'

'I'm sure of that, Mary; and moreover and above, I've a way of thinking every place you are in to be holy.'

'I wonder did Miss Grace ever hear a purtier speech than that in her beautiful drawing-room?' said Mary laughing. 'But, Philip, what I wanted to talk to you about is the bit of land.'

The expression of Philip's face changed in a moment. 'It's sad to say it, Mary; but without help from the landlord, I can make no hand of the farm. I was a fool to take it; nothing but weed and shingle.'

'Can't you get a better? There's lands changing hands now.'

'No; it's as much as life's worth to take the bit of land from a poor man when there's not another bit to be had. It's like taking the breath out of his body. All the murder is about the bit of land, and hundreds upon hundreds of acres lying idle, darling. I don't mean barren rock, and deep bog, and bleak mountain, though something could be done with all of them if the landlords either *would* help or *could* help; but available land, that they can't cultivate themselves, and won't let any one else touch, except at a price they can't pay—creating the misery and starvation they complain of. Look at it one way or the other way, they're bad sort of landlords for a poor fellow to have anything to do with.'

'Miss Grace is very kind,' said Mary; 'she's always after me to go to the big house as her own maid.'

'You'll do no such thing, my Mary,' said her lover.

'Service is honourable and honest. I got rid of all my old ancient pride and prejudice at the Agricultural School; but there's no need for it. My heart's own darling!—I'll tell you what you'll do. I've got this blessed day a legacy of a hundred pounds!'

'A real whole hundred pounds!' repeated Mary in a tone of great delight, and blushing; for she guessed what would follow.

'Yes I have; and, darling, I'll *speech* to the priest this evening. I'll give up the farm: better do that than throw good money after what's gone. We'll pack up your grandmother, and go off to America.'

Mary turned pale. She had drawn water from that well ever since she could carry a noggin: she knew every mountain by name: every path, every flower, had a place in her abundant affections.

'Don't you think, Philip,' she said, 'it would be more like an Irishman to stick to your own country, and lay out your money in it, than in a land of strangers?'

'I love every blade of the sod,' he answered; 'God knows it; but as Ireland is managed, it hardly finds graves for the dead, much less food for the living!'

'As much as she is let to do, Philip; but if you, and the likes of you, with life and means, leave her, it's

worse she'll get instead of better. There's nothing staying on the next townland but creatures that haven't the passage-money to leave it. It's heaped up alive with beggars it is.'

'And so every spot of the island will be, unless we can have the bit of land at a paying price; unless the landlords here will do like the landlords elsewhere—give *tenant's right to tenant's labour*, and encourage the willing workman. I tell you how it is: my grandfather had no education; my father only a little; but I have had enough to make me discontented with the law—not so much of the land, but of the land's lord.'

Mary did not understand this, but she knew Philip was a 'fine scholar.' She believed all he said was right; but her affections were with her own country. 'Philip,' she said, 'I will go to Miss Grace, and get her to speak for us—for you, I mean—and ask him to make an abatement in the rent, and help you to build a slated house. He's one that would always do more for interest than for justice; and if he thought you'd lay out the hundred pounds upon it'—

'You'll be a good farmer's wife, Mary, though you're a bad farmer,' said her lover. 'No, darling, it's no use; the land I've paid two guineas an acre for isn't worth five shillings. If indeed he'd let me, and half-a-dozen like me, the strip he once talked of, that's of no use in life to him but as a cover for game, then I'd be talking to him; but he won't, darling. It's hereafter Mr Kenny, and such as Mr Kenny, will be mourning, when they find the heart's blood, the bone and sinew of the country, has left it, and with nothing to the fore but those who had neither health, nor wealth, nor a good name to carry them where a man can have a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. Let us go, *avournen deilish*, before poverty draws the marrow out of our bones; before we're wasted by fever or famine; before the carelessness—and it's more carelessness than cruelty that does it—of Mr Kenny makes me have a call to the combination, which I'd be long sorry for afterwards! I've clean hands now, thank God! of everything going, and a light heart, and strong limbs, and a dear little colleen that will make me a country wherever I go.'

Mary laughed and cried by turns. Philip was esteemed the handsomest and 'best learned' boy in the parish. She was an orphan girl, with the burden of an old grandmother, so wise, that in former times she would have been esteemed a witch or a fairy-woman. Certainly Miss Grace was her foster-sister, that was a great deal: but Philip might have had any girl he pleased long ago; and yet now, when a hundred pounds were added to his charms, he generously offered to marry her, and take her dear old grandmother with them to the new world.

'The new world!' What an *El Dorado* it was to poor Mary! and what an enormous sum that hundred pounds appeared; what ever should they do with it! The mountains whirled round during her homeward walk, and she hardly knew how to communicate the news to the feeble old woman, who sat within the chimney watching the boiling of the potatoes, and churning an old ditty to the monotonous accompaniment of her wheel. Mary was reproved for her long delay, but she did not mind that. The old dog put his cold nose on her foot, and a pang shot through her heart when she thought what should they do with the dog; but as Philip had so much money, perhaps they could take him also to America—that is, supposing they went—which they would be sure not to do, because Mr Kenny would not part with Philip: he would certainly let him

have a long lease of a good farm on his own terms; he never could part with Philip. Still, she would tell her grandmother: the old woman heard her to the end.

'Mary, *ma bouche!*' she said, 'don't be feeding your heart, dear, with false music. Mr Kenny will do no such thing as you think—not he: he takes pride out of his wide domain and his fat cattle rather than out of a comfortable tenantry; and so did his father before him: it's a way the gentry have got of thinking, that it's grand to have a deal of waste land about their houses; and rather than get enough out of it to pay their debts (as they might easy do), they send their natural body-guard to foreign parts, where, I am told, after much hard work, they are nearly as well off as, if they war well managed, they'd be in their own natural country. This is all well enough for the young; but, jewel Mary! the fox loves his ould earth, and the crow her ould nest. Go with him who loves you, Mary, and who proves his love; but I'll lay my bones in my own land, among my own people, beside your sweet mother, Mary, and my own ould husband. I'd just like to rise with them on the last day. I'd be lonely in my coffin, darling, if I wasn't under the same sod. My blessing will be about you all alike; it will come to you over the sea, jewel, every morning, on the first sunbeam, fresh and fasting—your ould granny's blessing! I'll never cross your good-luck, my blessed, blessed child!'

'Do you mind when my mother was dying?' inquired Mary.

'Do I mind the heavy trouble of my own heart?' was the reply.

"If you wish your mother's blessing to light you into Paradise," she said, "never leave your grandmother." I'm not going to deny what God, who sees my heart, knows, that I love the very ground that Philip walks on. I have known him ever since I knew night from day. When I was too little to cross the brook going to school, his were the hands that carried me over: he would leave his place, the top of the top form, and hear me my A B C: for all that, my own dear only mother, and for twice as much as that, I'll never, never leave you—I'll do my best to keep Philip here.'

'Stop, Mary, and hear the wisdom of the white head: look at the thing both ways—for your own feelings, and against your own feelings. If you want to see a thing straight, *never sit always on the same side of the car*. I see a deal: the gentry, to put away some of the sin of neglecting their own people, have been setting the country a-fire with education, and now they wonder at its burning; they are giving the young knowledge, without the power to use it, and expect that when a man knows how to earn the bit of meat, and the cut of white bread, and where to earn it, he'll be as well content to stay with them *on the ould terms*, with the poor potato, and the fever, and the same sort of right a dog has to his kennel, and a pig to his sty, to repay him for the labour of building what is little else than his own grave. Darling, look, the sense of it is this: such as Squire Kenny want to keep on in the ould way—but *the people have got before them*; and so to get rid of the bother, they'll let them get out of the country. Don't gainsay Philip, dear; he'll never be content to go on with Squire Kenny on the ould plan, and, like many another, he'll get into trouble if he stays. The ould and the infant will stop in the place; but the law must change for the better, in more ways than one, before Ireland will be the home of the strong-headed, strong-

armed, educated peasant! But you're not heeding me, Mary, honey?'

'I'd never forgive myself if, through staying for my sake, he got into any trouble,' said Mary; 'and it's hard to miss the face that smiled over my cradle.'

'Go with him, darling; every girl in the place will mind your old granny, if it was only for your sake.'

'No, I'll never leave you; but where's the use of fretting, maybe he won't go?'

'Then he ought to go,' said the old woman firmly. 'Squire Kenny is not the right sort of landlord for such as he.'

That evening Mary went up to the big house, and craved audience of the young lady. Grace heard all she had to say with patience and sympathy.

'My uncle told me the other day,' she said, 'that if Philip chose to leave the farm, bad as it is, he could let it immediately at an increased rent.'

'There are some will take land whether they can pay for it or not,' answered Mary; 'but all I wanted to tell his honour is this, that maybe, as Philip was the son of an old tenant, and had improved so much, he'd let him have a few acres of fair land at a fair value. I want him to stop in the country; for indeed if he goes, the squire will lose an improving tenant.'

'And you a sweetheart.'

'No, miss, I would not,' replied Mary with her natural simplicity; 'the seas would be between us, to be sure, but we would be all the same, true to each other; and we're both young.'

Miss Grace promised to speak to her uncle, and to present both Philip and Mary to him the next morning, and let them tell their own tale.

Mr Kenny was the type of many of his class. That there are as good landlords in Ireland as in England, is unquestionably true; but, alas! they form the exceptions to the rule! There is no doubt that, though an educated people will exhibit less brute violence than a people uneducated, yet they will be more determined to obtain what their reason teaches them they have a right to possess. Mr Kenny never took into consideration the mental change that had been wrought in more persons than in Philip; nor could he, for the life of him, discover why the people were not as contented as they had been when he was a young man. Thinking this over, as he generally did after dinner, when he had drank a few tumblers of 'stiff punch,' he was not very likely to understand how such alterations were to be comprehended and met.

He was a careless man at all times, and in everything; good-natured and hospitable; always more ready to give a present than to pay a debt. In all things he belonged to the 'old school.'

Grace had been rather unfortunate in her diplomacy. She had lost her temper in the morning, and hardly recovered it during breakfast; but she trusted to Mary. Mary was a great favourite with the old squire, and she hoped her gentle smile would do more for Philip than Philip's eloquence would do for himself.

'So,' said Mr Kenny, 'you want more land, Philip?'

'If your honour would let me two or three acres of the fence farm at the same rate I have the hill ground, I'd work them well together; for I never was a gale behind with the rent for that barren place, where the crows don't think it worth their while to look for worms.'

'And in the fence farm, your honour,' put in Mary, 'my grandmother says there'd be pasture for a cow, or maybe two.'

'That land is worth five pounds an acre if it is worth a farthing,' said the squire; 'and I must get that for it, if I break it into small holdings.'

'I couldn't pay that for it, sir, at the best of times, and make anything by it to live,' answered Philip. 'I'd like to stop in the country if I could, your honour. If I can't, why, I must go where others have gone before me. I don't want to spend all my life labouring for potatoes and salt, and being as poor at the end as I was at the beginning of my days.'

'As good as you have been glad of that same, Philip; and what can a poor man want more? But I've a regard for you, and for my little friend there, whom it concerns; so, if you like three acres of the fence farm put on to the five on the hill, you can have it all round for three pounds an acre.'

'Is it three pounds an acre, sir, for what every man in the parish knows I have never cleared two for yet? only spent every farthing of the little my uncle the priest left in making it what it is. The day I took on me the three acres, in addition to what my father made, I may say, himself, there wasn't a fence that would keep out a bonnee, let alone a pig; not a gate, nor a drain; and I'm sure you might have counted the blades of the two first crops. I hope your honour will think of that before you put another pound on them acres.'

'But haven't I taken two pounds a-year off the fence farm?'

'To put it on the other, sir.'

'I don't want to let it,' said Mr Kenny; 'it's only out of regard to you I'd break my land at all. If you don't like my offer, stay as you are; or stop; I'll do this for you—pay me, say two pounds for the eight acres all round.'

Mary's heart beat, and Philip coloured.

'Two pounds for the eight acres all round,' continued Mr Kenny, 'and let the third pound stand over for three years or so, till you're better able to pay it.'

Mary's heart beat on, but Philip's countenance changed. 'Thank your honour,' he answered, 'but that would be getting into debt; yet maybe you'd give me a bit of a memorandum, if I left the place, you'd pay me for what I'd put upon it—a shed, or gates, or pig-sties, or—'

'Whew—w—w!' interrupted the landlord; 'you're getting newfangled notions with a vengeance! It's the tenant-right you're after, is it? If you do not like my offer, stay as you are.'

'I can't do that either, your honour. I can't go on slaving the life out of my four bones for the bare bit I eat. If I hadn't means to go elsewhere, I must do it: if I hadn't education, I must do it; if—'

The landlord interrupted him by sending all species of education to the bad place, and cursing him for an ungrateful fellow, for thinking of taking his money away from the sod 'where he was bred, born, and reared.' 'But I do not care a farthing about it for my own sake; give me back the land, and you may go to the —! I can soon get tenants, and increased rent!'

'Your honour will get tenants enough: there's plenty would take on the running gale, and be glad to wear out the improvements I have made. I'll be heart-sorry to leave it,' he added, rubbing his hand round the edge of his hat, while poor Mary grew pale; 'but your honour won't lay out a penny with me on it, nor give me the tenant's-right over what I do. I've wattled and thatched the house, I've mended the windows, I've fenced the little garden, I've planted trees, I've drained, and manured!—'

'And who asked you to do it?' inquired the landlord tauntingly. 'You're newfangled with green crops, and one thing or another, and not content to go on as your father did before you—plain and easy, honest man.'

'I am not content, sir, sure enough, to go on as my father did before me,' he replied; 'I own to that. I saw him go down as worn and strengthless to his grave at fifty, as a man ought, that had fair play in the world, at seventy—a fine, hale, hearty man he was, but worn out by hard work and fainting food!—'

'And whisky,' added Mr Kenny.

'That had its claw on him too, I'll not deny it, sir: it seemed an easy way for a man to put the trouble off him, and then, like a false friend, it was sure to bring him into more; but that reproach is gone from us, sir, thank God! There's none gets drunk at all now, barring the gentlemen!—The bolt was shot, and it was drawn by an impatient and impolitic hand; but, as Philip afterwards said to Mary, he could not stand that



reproach to his father from one who never remembered going quite himself sober to bed.

Mary put in her gentle voice, but too late: the crisis had come; angry words followed; Philip threw up the farm. 'In other countries,' he said, 'where a tenant's labour creates a tenant's right, you'd be forced, sir, to pay me back for the stock I leave you on it. Here I can't claim it, and I'd scorn to ask for what I've no call to. I took that land with the intention of giving, as I have done, my strength to it; and there it is, all the better, while I'm all the worse. The cow and the horse both died with me, and yet you'd give me no help; and if it hadn't been for the goodness of God, which sent me help to leave it, I'd have been tied to it in slavery for the rest of my days. If I had had it at a low but increasing rent, I might have made a home of it for myself, and a property for you. I'm clear of it now. You may get those on it who won't leave it as I have done; that's all I can say. I need not tell a gentleman of this country of the bad that's going, of the impossibility there is for him to know who has or has not to do with what is, I own, a disgrace to the people; but I do say, that when a gentleman finds an honest, hardworking man, who is able and willing to do justice to the bit of land, he ought to give him an honest man's hold upon it.'

'Don't vex the master; he's not used to be crossed that way,' whispered Mary.

'Let him go on,' said the angry squire; 'give him rope enough, and he'll soon hang himself!'

'Please God I will not, sir: there's enough said; you'll all wake up some day and see the land left without able-bodied honest men to till it; you'll cry out then in vain for those who have earned, and can keep, land of their own over the seas, to come and help yours to bring forth its fruits. God be with you, sir! I thought to have had some consideration from you, and not be forced to turn my back on my country.'

'Have nothing to do with him, Mary,' said Mr Kenay. 'I know a smart fellow to come in on his place: let him go!—a *colleen-das* like you has no call to leave her own country for a sweetheart—let him go!'

Philip became dark with rage. Mary tried to reply, but she could not; she burst into tears, and followed her lover out of the room.

As they descended the brow of the hill, the sunbeams were sporting over the very small farm Philip was about to resign for ever; even the sunshine failed to make it look prosperous. He had really done a great deal to it: it was tolerably fenced and drained, and additional time and additional labour would of course increase its value; but Philip knew that even then it would never be prosperous, nor would what he had done meet with consideration, much less justice. Moreover, he was a peace-loving man, and he feared being drawn into the combinations which have so completely baffled all the investigations of the law.

'It's cruel hard,' sobbed Mary, 'that he won't allow you a penny for what you've done; he'll get a higher rent from some that will never pay.'

Mary and Philip were unconscious of the blunder; but they understood the meaning. Mary saw that Philip was suffering; but he brightened his countenance, and talked of the 'hereafter,' urging her to go with him at once, and that he thought her grandmother would accompany them; but she knew better, and revered the feeling which caused the old woman to desire to leave her bones in her native land.

All the country cried shame on Mr Kenny. This was the fifth of the 'good ould stock' that he had left leave the place; and who had he got in their stead? That question remained to be answered.

Philip was a good specimen of what an improved education can effect for the Irish peasant. He felt that, however humble his position, as a man, he had a right to exert his strength, mental and bodily, for his own advantage; however much his feelings yearned towards 'the sod,' he knew that his little capital could be more advantageously employed elsewhere: not but that Ire-

land possessed every advantage that could be had elsewhere; but *free agency* was so completely a sound, and not a reality, that a humble, peace-loving, unslavish man, at all events in his district, had no chance of having a firmer hold on the property he helped to make, than had others of the property they helped to mar. 'Better times,' he was told, were coming; but as in his father's days they had not come, except, indeed, through the door so tardily opened by 'national education,' there was something to his healthy, self-thinking mind, even in this infancy of knowledge, very pleasant and independent in the idea that he might yet call a plot of land—land! that *Alpha and Omega* of Irish ambition!—his own.

There were far-away districts where such an advantage might in a degree be his; but his attachments were localised; they circled round the settlement of 'his own people;' and as Mr Kenny's short-sighted policy refused his honest and liberal offer, the cord was sundered, and he only desired to leave it as soon as possible. Mary was not the only one who regretted this determination on Philip's part. The young man, had he remained, would have found life itself unsafe, if he had not yielded to the influence of self-organised lawmakers; and this reconciled Mary to his departure, hard as it was to part with her betrothed.

'I thought to the last,' she said, 'the mather would come round; but I see he won't now; I see the hardness of his heart. He thinks poverty and misery is our birthright, and that we have no reason to go against it; that's what he thinks. He has looked so long at starvation, that he's grown used to it; and he'd think there'd be something going wrong, if he had no beggars on the road.'

'You're book-sworn, Mary,' interrupted her lover—'you're book-sworn to let me know when any change comes to your grandmother. In the sight of God you are my wife, and you mustn't think bad of any little present I send you home, because you'll want it all; and deny yourself nothing, avourneen. I'll wait true and patiently for you, jewel; and hard as the parting is, I'll not deny but I love you all the better for your duty to your parent; besides, I'll have all things settled for you, and maybe come home for you myself. The black poverty can't touch you, Mary; and don't go the path by the hill farm, when you go to see Miss Grace; it would only fret you, darling; but set a stout heart to the wind. I'm going out like an honest man; I owe nothing; and I shouldn't be ashamed to look a king in the face.'

This was all very brave; and, what was better, it was very true; but it could not prevent the mingling of many tears; and none flowed more abundantly than those of the poor old grandmother.

'I've seen fine heads laid low, and buried many a one years younger than myself, yet I'm to the fore still, and no good in me, Mary, darling!—only you're such an angel, I should think you wished the grave closed over me: but the great comfort of my life is thinking how we'll all rise together at the last day; and I couldn't leave the sight of the ould churchyard; I could not, avourneen.'

'And I could not leave you, darling grandmother,' was the reply; and after Philip's departure, Mary redoubled her attention to the aged woman, and did more in an hour than she need have done in a day; 'the work,' she said, 'kept the trouble off her heart.'

'Do anything but sing, my darling!' exclaimed her grandmother—'anything but sing! There's a sigh in your voice like the moan of the wind in a fir-tree, which makes me pray to God to hasten my journey, that you may be happy when I am gone.'

'So you are off, Philip, I suppose?' said Mr Kenny, as he met the emigrant on his road to Waterford.

The young man looked up courageously. 'I am, sir; and for all my hot words, sir, I've a kind heart to you and yours; and if I said anything that my father's son should not have said to your father's son, I hope your

honour will overlook it. It did not come from the heart, only from the necessity of the case; that was all, your honour.

'I believe you,' was the gentleman's reply; 'but if you look at it, Philip, it is rather strange for such as you to take a hundred pounds, as I hear you do, away from your country and your natural protector, to employ it upon you know not what.'

'I know anyhow, sir, that if I stayed, I should employ it on what would never be my own. It's done now, and God be with your honour. See, sir!—and he laid his hand on the shoulder of the beautiful horse Mr Kenny rode—I may never set eyes on you again; but take care who you let in on the land—promises grow no gold.' His voice faltered; his eyes filled with tears; he took off his hat, and held out his hand to the squire; it was kindly taken. 'I could say a deal more, sir, but you wouldn't heed me; and so take care who you let in on the land; promises grow no gold: and God be with you and Miss Grace!'

'He's a fine fellow to look at,' thought the squire, 'but a disturber—one of the tenant's-right men. No good will come of it. No good comes of letting the poor into one's secrets, or taking them out of their place.'

Things seemed to be going on pretty much as usual in the valley where Mary continued to reside with her grandmother, and yet they were changing every day. Many of the cottages in the village were in ruins; and Mary shared her old dog's and her own food with more than one half-starved cat and cur that lingered about the lonely places where they once had friends. The chapel on Sundays was filled; but there were few horses or cars waiting outside, where there used to be numbers, made 'sonsy' for the farmers' wives to ride in, by featherbeds, covered with gaudy quilts. The young men that lounged about the door and against the walls bore no likeness to the 'old stock,' and were careless, scampish-looking fellows, who more frequently handled a musket than a shillala. There were many white-headed old men; but the race of 'strong, young, small farmers,' who rode a good horse, and wore boots and corduroys, had disappeared. Altogether, there had been a sort of voluntary clearing; if that could be 'voluntary' which was compelled by circumstances and reason.

'Grace,' said Mr Kenny to his niece one morning, more than two years after Philip had left the country—'Grace, dear, I wish you would send for the glazier to put a pane of glass in the library window.'

'You forget, uncle,' replied Grace, 'that there is no glazier in Kennystown since young James Daly went to Canada. What a nice workman he was! He made my fern-house; but it is broken now, and there is no one to mend it.'

'Ha!' exclaimed the squire, 'the fellow wanted increased wages, and got talking of the value of time, so he was not fit for this country. Do you ride to-day?'

'How can I ride, uncle? That horrid new blacksmith, who took Whalan's old forge, has lamed my mare. I am sure I hate those new-comers. I cannot think why you did not encourage those to remain who worked so well. The resources of the country are dried up.'

'Whalan certainly was a capital workman, Grace; and I own I am sorry that the gentry all grumbled when he raised the price of shoeing horses. It had been fixed so long—ever since my grandfather's time—that I did not like a penny a-shoe put on: he might have raised it to three-halfpence.'

'Better that,' murmured Grace, 'than have half the horses in the country lamed by a botch, who does not mind his business either. He told my groom to-day he would attend to the mare when he had finished reading the paper. Whalan would never have sent such a message as that.'

'That is certain: those fellows grow so impudent.'

'Those who were born,' answered Grace, 'upon our

own land were never so. I do miss the old faces.' Tears were in Grace Kenny's eyes while she spoke.

'You are a fool, child,' said her uncle abruptly; 'they grew discontented, and wanted change.'

'They wanted their rights,' answered Grace firmly; 'they wanted to be paid according to the times—they wanted tenants' rights. And those new people, with all their fine promises, are far more likely to do us wrong than those who loved the spot whereon they were born; and who, despite all disagreements, would rather leave you than harm you.'

'You are a saucy girl to talk about what you do not understand; go and see if the hoops are put on the vat.'

'They are not,' she replied; 'there is not a cooper within five miles since Naylor went to Sydney; and the carpenter says he cannot see to your vat until he has finished the priest's fence. What a ready obliging fellow Dick Murphy was! He has sent his mother five pounds since he settled in Connecticut. It was a great pity, uncle, you quarrelled with Dick about the new gates.'

'They all grew so conceited, and so extortionate in their demands, that it was impossible to get on with them. I wish the times had remained as they were with all my heart.'

'Wishing won't make them what they were; and I wanted to speak to you, uncle, about the shearers. The two men you got cheap to shear the sheep this year have, I am told, taken almost as much skin as wool from the poor animals. You used to be so proud of your sheep-farming before Murphy went to Australia.'

'Grace, you are enough to drive one mad!'

'I could go on for an hour,' continued the positive girl. 'The dairymaid gave me warning this morning, because, she says, she can have better wages in Cheshire; and my own maid is going to marry the gardener, and go to Pennsylvania. He says you have been unkind to him about some trees. We are all going wrong somehow; I am sure of that.'

'It's all the education, and fine learning, and politics,' said Mr Kenny; 'but that's not the worst of it. Here's a threatening letter about my notice to the rascal who took poor Philip's farm when he quitted it. He has never paid a farthing of rent, and racked to pieces the land that was just coming round.'

'Poor Philip!' repeated Grace: 'you should see his letters to Mary, and then you would not say "poor Philip." He is doing so well; and though things are dear, he says labour of all kind is so highly paid for, that it makes the things twenty per cent. cheaper than they are here! It is quite interesting to see Mary vibrating between the two great affections of her life. And she keeps her grandmother so clean: she carries her in her arms into the sun every morning, as if she were a baby, and attends her with so much tenderness. The old creature has lost the use of her limbs, but her feelings are as acute as ever. "I pray," she said to me, "to the Lord to take me, for I know I'm keeping them asunder. I can't see Mary's tears now, nor hear her sobs, for I'm both blind and deaf; but when she kissed me last night, I felt her cheek was wet, and I feel that she is much thinner than she was. I know her heart is withering away, but I can't help it. If I was fit to go, the Lord would take me."'

'Grace,' said her uncle, 'I have just told you I received a threatening letter, and instead of talking to me about it, you run concerning a foolish old woman and as foolish a girl.'

'Every one receives threatening letters who ask for rent,' replied Grace carelessly; 'I hear of them wherever I go. If your old people had remained with us—'

But Mr Kenny would hear no more; the theme was ungracious in his ears: he would not see where he had done foolishly; he only knew that he could not get his rents; that there was a combination against him; that those who would pay, dared not pay; and that others

would not. His nominal rent-roll, increased by the emigration of the old tenants, had almost ceased to be of value; but this did not prevent those (not a few) to whom he owed money insisting upon prompt payment for long, long standing debts. The network of the whole—owing and being owed—had got into tremendous confusion; and when his paroxysm of temper was over, and Grace saw how miserable the old man looked, she forgot all but him, and endeavoured to divert his anxiety by every means in her power. She saw there was no use in trying to convince him that it was better to receive five shillings than the *promise* of twenty. With a perfect relish for the enjoyment of existence, he did not see any reason why the 'lower orders' should have any enjoyment apart from labour; he could not perceive that the spirit of serfdom, so long in the ascendant, was passing away; and that though there must be grades in society—that, like the steps of a ladder, some must be high, some low—yet none could for the future press upon the other without disorganising and materially injuring the fitness of the whole. He was irritated because people were not content to be 'as their fathers were before them,' he made grievous laments over 'the good old times,' when claret and whisky were on draught in the gentleman's house; when the master could horsewhip the man, and the man would only twist his shoulders, and say, 'God be praised, sir, there's a power of strength in your arm!' when, to live free, any man who had a thousand pounds might 'split it into three halves,' and lend it upon mortgage, and whenever he called for the interest, be certain of two months' hospitality, with fishing and shooting into the bargain. He treasured up the memories of the past, and could not understand why the present generation differed from the last: he was one of those mentally blind men who would attempt to stem a torrent, not guide its course; he could not see that, whether the past were best or worst, it had vanished; and that however it may be honoured, it is but a memory—at best an example; that living beings have to do with the present, and not with the future: he was, as he often said himself, 'bothered entirely;' he regretted that Philip, and such as Philip, were gone; but he did not see why he should have given them what he considered a premium to remain. His father thought sixpence a-day good wages. Capital soldiers had been 'raised' on potatoes; then what could they want of better food? As to the fever, why, there always was fever more or less in Ireland: sure it wasn't worse than it had always been. Some people say, 'let well alone;' but Squire Kenny acted, 'let bad alone.' He could not think but those were insane who broached the *tenant's-right* to anything but labour: he had subscribed to an anti-slavery society once, but never thought of the white slaves he held in thrall at home; never thought of the effects of books, and steamboats, and railways, and newspapers; never bestowed an idea on *progress*; never, I believe, thought that the 'people had mind.' While so many things went on, he stood still.

Of all men, he thought he had no right to receive threatening letters. He was always generous to the poor, so he was; he gave in 'meal and malt;' he gave to the young and strong as well as to the old and feeble, and so encouraged beggary. 'He only asked his own'—his land was not let higher than other people's—'he was considerate.' How? He suffered 'the gale' to run on, and then seized on the improved land as a set-off to his debt. Custom, in his particular district, had sanctified this wicked practice into a law. It has passed now; it has gone down, steeped in blood, along with other tyrannies which have been swept away by the glorious thunder-voice of an indignant public; and yet Squire Kenny believed 'he only sought his own.' In the case of the tenant who had succeeded Philip, he had most certainly been badly treated; and his hardness to Philip was no excuse for the new man's delinquency: but so mysteriously are all the links of society

twisted together, that one wrong deed is the herald of others. Grace was not only more quick, but more strong-sighted than her uncle: she told him his only plan was to sell the estate; but he replied to this by saying, that even if he did, he should still be 'an incumbered beggar!' She sat alone in her chamber, the moonlight shining through the open window—the whole country steeped in that magic light which conceals defects and exaggerates beauties. She had left her uncle with his solicitor, and was accompanied by any rather than pleasant fancies; a low tap at the door, and Mary Connor entered. She stood without speaking for more than a minute.

'She's gone from me, Miss Grace! Went away this morning when the sun was brightest, just as a butterfly folds its wings, and dies on a flower! No more than that, miss—gone! Oh, then, I can hardly think it! I went out of the room, in the fancy that maybe she'd come to herself again when I came back; for never did I come into the place that she hadn't the kind word for me, and the wise word, and the good prayer. I ran for the priest, but he could not overtake her: was not that a sorry thing? But his reverence said she was always prepared. She's gone from me! and I think, maybe if I had taken more care of her, she'd have lasted longer. It seems unholy for me even to think of Philip, though she's gone. "Tell," she said, and she groping with her hands, "tell the squire my dream about the man that thought to treat the bull as if it was always a calf, and what it did to him." Oh, Miss Grace, she was greatly troubled about you and yours! May the Lord protect you! The good went fair and easy out of the place, but that wont be the way with those that's in it now! If the master distrains, I don't know what might not happen. Let him talk of it, miss, but not do it—at least while he's in the country. Oh to think how those that's gone would have stuck by the old stock, if they had only fair play! The poor girl's sorrow was relieved by words and tears, and Grace insisted upon her accepting the shelter of their roof until she heard from Philip.

'I wont have you as a servant, Mary, but as a humble friend. When all is over, you must stay with me. Your grandmother will be laid in her people's grave; you have the consolation of knowing that you did your duty. I only hope I may do my duty to my old relative as well as you performed yours.'

Mary went to live with her foster-sister, and Grace frequently derived consolation from the straightforward, right-hearted opinions of Mary Connor. In the country, matters were growing worse instead of better. Mr Kenny became naturally more and more exasperated at the course of conduct pursued by the people. As his difficulties increased, his temper became worse; and he acted upon a system of aggravation and injustice, until he became cruel as well as careless. The country combined against him, and added fuel to the flame; while he attributed every wrong thing to others, not to himself.

Mary, as time passed on, spent a good many anxious hours watching 'the post,' wondering why Philip did not write. Despite her lover's caution, she cast many a glance at the hill farm: the trees Philip planted had been cut down; the gate hung on one hinge; the thatch had not been mended; the pigs had grubbed up the garden; the land, with the exception of the potato field, had returned to its sterility; the man who possessed it was *known* to be the most *actively* dangerous man in the district. But what of that? Who would give evidence against him? Who, if they saw him pocket the pistol with which he committed murder, would inform? He had at one time sought to win Mary's heart; but a woman who really loves, knows how to keep off all suitors but *the one*. There is a protection in devoted love which renders a maiden sacred even to the profligate, and Mary continued an especial object of admiration and interest to the new settlers of Kennys-town.

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Irritated not only by the open defiance which met him when he demanded a portion of his rents, and driven to the verge of insanity by debts which he could not discharge, the old squire still said he had done nothing foolishly. It was deemed necessary to put bars to shutters that had grown worm-eaten without them; and the carpenter who did it was brought from a distance, under the protection of the police. The pistol took its place at the family table, on the master's right hand; and even in the daytime, he did not care to ride much beyond the avenue gate. The light-hearted cheerful Grace was changed into a sharp-featured, anxious-looking woman. The interest of her money was all they really had to subsist upon; for, luckily, neither her uncle nor herself could touch the principal until she completed her twenty-fifth year. She performed her duty, and she did not do it grudgingly; but it requires a great deal of patience, as well as purity of intention, to labour in the path of a duty upon which love never shines. It is bad training for a young heart to live with the age it cannot reverence; and circumstances had worn out the kindness that once distinguished the old squire. Moroseness succeeded goodness; the house of his ancestors was tumbling about his ears, and he had not wherewith to put it in repair; the new people were openly leagued against him; and those who remained of the old, were too feeble or too fearful to stand by the old master.

One evening, Mary was slowly descending from 'watching the post,' the lad walked past the road leading to the avenue, and waved his stick, in token that he had nothing to bring. Her steps were slow; the hill-farm was mouldering away beneath her eyes; frequently she brushed away the tears with the back of her rough hand; the leaves which an autumn wind whirled from the few stunted trees that remained of the plantations were circling with the dust along her path; the thin stubble was decked with gaudy weeds, like paint on the cheek of withered beauty. There was a chill over the landscape; the rays of the setting-sun looked straight and hard, cut into lines of garish light, on the dark sky; the rushes that fringed the pools were brown and discoloured; a group of ragged boys were pelting half-a-dozen newly-plucked miserable geese, that had been groping in the mud for food; the rooks were cawing discontentedly on their homeward way; and the village of Kennystown sent up but little cheerful smoke to the heavens.

'It's so changed altogether,' muttered Mary to herself, 'that St Patrick would not know it! And they're fighting about who shall and who shan't go to the National School; and the master must go the wrong way in that too,' she sighed bitterly, and turned to look again to see perhaps if the post-boy was really out of sight; and as she did, she saw Lawrence Jones, who had taken Philip's farm, running towards her: he made her a sign to stop, but she immediately turned homeward: he overtook her.

'Mary,' he said—'Mary, when did you see your aunt beyant there?'

'Not these three weeks, Lawrence.'

'Well, she's got a heavy fit of sickness. I don't mean the sickness—not the fever—but a heavy turn of some kind; and she sent word to you to be sure to be up there this evening. Mind, *this evening*—to-morrow won't do.'

'And why won't to-morrow do? and why didn't whoever she sent come up with the word, and not give it to another?'

'Because he was going for the doctor.'

'Sure it's turning his back on the doctor he'd be if he'd come this way,' said the shrewd Mary.

'Why, girl alive! how sharp you are on us,' was the reply; 'hadn't he to go back after he left the message? And who knows but it's dead she'd be by to-morrow night; so do as you like—only maybe it's a heavy heart you'll have if you don't do my bidding. I've small reason,' he added carelessly, 'to care whether you do or not; only I'm a fool about you still, Mary.'

'And about everything else, or you'd never have that farm in the way it is,' she answered; and then, thinking perhaps she had been 'too sharp,' she added, 'thank you all the same; though my aunt was never much of an aunt to me, I'd be sorry she was to go, and I so near her, without my seeing her once more.'

'You'll go?' said Lawrence anxiously.

'I will,' she replied.

Mary equipped herself for a three miles' walk, and set out; yet more than once her 'heart,' as she called it, misgave her; more than once she paused and turned back; but 'it might be that her aunt was ill, and how unkind not to go near her!'

She resumed her path. When within sight of the cottage, through the twilight she saw a woman rolling up some cloth that had been put out to bleach. It was her aunt, who declared that 'glory be to God! she never was better in her life. What set her to inquire, who never looked the same road she was?' Mary told her. 'It's not going back you are without taking bit or sup with your own blood relations?' said the woman; 'sure you wouldn't think of such a thing as that? If you won't stop the night, it's early moon, the road is fine, and the country safe for such as you.'

There was something in her aunt's expression in 'for such as you,' that struck on Mary's ear like a warning. There was nothing in the words; they conveyed no new information; but they awoke a dormant anxiety; they revived a half-formed dread for those who had protected her in her time of trial: why should Lawrence wish to get her out of the house? She put out a good many leading questions, but her aunt had simply said the truth—the country was safe 'for such as her,' though it might not be safe for others; that was literally all. She ate cheerfully the potatoes and milk set before her with a taunting observation, 'that, to be sure, they were no food for one used to the run of the big house, where there was *lashings* of what wasn't always paid for.'

Mary roused at this sneer, which was unpalatable in proportion to its truth; and without waiting for many more words, she commenced her return. The corraik was running along the hedges, and the night-owl hooted as she passed the burial-place of her grandmother. It was the first time she had passed the grave without kneeling beside it; but she could not venture among the shadows which imagination conjured up, and superstition believed in. Presently she heard the sound of wheels, and the fast trotting of a horse. She felt very lonely, but turned down a new road which had been lately made, and led round the base of the hill which the old road crossed. The driver of the car called out to her to know which was the shortest of the two to Kennystown. She made no reply; he repeated the question: there was no answer. Mary attempted to rush to the car, but fainted in the attempt. The man sprang from his seat; he lifted her up; he unfastened her bonnet; in another moment he pressed her to his heart; he called upon her to awake by all the endearing names in the eloquent vocabulary of Irish love; that it was Philip, her own Philip, who called her; that he had come to take her to his new-made home; that they should never more be separated; never—never! It was the sudden feeling of all this, when his voice struck upon her heart, that overpowered her. In a few minutes she was seated by his side, weeping tears of thankfulness and joy: she assured him of a welcome at 'the big house,' and the horse was urged forward to its utmost speed. The avenue gate was open; the door of the lodge was open also. This startled her at the moment as strange; for of late, at night, the gate had been chained and padlocked. They drove on: the moon was shining forth in the queenliness of her glory; the house was within sight, but what a sight it was! A loud, long, ringing shriek told of violence and terror; men were struggling on the steps of the hall-door with the old squire; they forced him on his knees, but their intention was for a moment frustrated: a woman,

feeble in all but purpose, interposed: she clung around him with twining arms; more than once, in a brief space, they were separated, but again she flung herself between him and his murderers.

Philip did not lack courage, but it was Mary who urged the horse forward. Dreading the arrival of the police, the ruffians hurried to perpetrate their crime with increased violence. A clump of trees interposed between Mary and the view she had of the fearful struggle. They saw the light of firearms through the branches, and heard the report of more than one. Faster, faster they drove to the door, under shelter of the plantations, which in a degree concealed one end of the dwelling. The murderers had disappeared, and Grace was kneeling beside her uncle. It was impossible to tell which of the two was wounded, for Grace's hair and garments were dabbled with crimson.

'I do not know,' she said to Mary with terrible calmness—'I do not know how I am; but I know one of those who fired. I know one; and I know you, Philip. Uncle!' she said to the dying man—'uncle, Philip is come back to save you!'

'He cannot save me; but he should not have gone—he should not have gone! I am not fond of newfangled notions; but tell him,' he added, raising his head, though his glazed eyes told how little he could discern—'tell him he shall have the *tenant's-right* if he'll come back—the *tenant's-right*—if—he'll'— The old man's spirit passed away from the scene of his own mismanagement, and of the atrocity and blindness of those who, suffering more or less from the insufficiency of the law, take revenge in its place as their counsellor and protector, and brand their country in the eyes of the universe as a land that winks at murder, and harbours the assassin.

'I see he is dead!' said poor Grace, as she drew the old white head upon her lap: 'if he had not been dying, he never would have given in to the *tenant's-right*; it's the last thing the old landlords will yield. Oh, if you had been but sooner!' she said to the police, who came crowding up from their station, which was sufficiently near to hear, as indeed they did, the report of the firearms: 'if you had been sooner! I know Lawrence Jones of the uphill farm; he fired the fatal shot; my poor uncle fell then! You are well revenged, Philip! Do not cry, Mary! No, I will not go in! I will remain where I am with my poor uncle!' and she rested her cheek upon his white hair with a tenderness which those who knew her best thought she had forgotten.

It is one of the beautiful properties of woman's nature, that she forgets the bad, and recalls the good, of those whom she has loved 'when they are no more seen.' And in after-times, Grace persuaded herself that her uncle was blameless. His was one among many deaths that have occurred from the same cause—murders which admit of no apology, but for which those who know the history of the past misrule and maladministration of the laws do not find it difficult to account. No country can be greatly prosperous, or permanently safe, where justice is not administered with an even hand to rich and poor, high and low: the injustice of the one causes crime in the other.

Philip had been sufficiently long in the new world to look with horror on the conduct of those who concealed the murderer from the grasp of the law, and he found it necessary to hasten his bride's departure from Kennystown. She paused on her journey by the old churchyard, to drop a few tears on the grave of the old master, and to say a last prayer over the green mound which covered the ashes of a beloved parent, to whom she had been so dutiful a child. Nor was she unmindful of the simple superstition of her country: counting amongst her greatest treasures a long tress of Miss Grace Kenny's hair, cut by a new pair of scissors from her head, when the moon was in its first quarter—alas! it was abundantly streaked with gray!—a slip of witch-hazel, a four-leaved shamrock, a sixpence carefully reunited (it had been broken between herself and Philip), and a handful of

the mould from the burial-place of her humble ancestors. 'If I die in foreign parts,' she said to her husband, 'this must be buried with me; but *maybe* we may return?'

'Please God!' he said, 'when the *TENANT'S-RIGHT* IS ESTABLISHED IN THE LAND!'

### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

#### A UNIFORM BUT POSSIBLY USELESS BEQUEST.

It may be observed, from advertisements in the newspapers, that a gentleman deceased left by his deed of settlement a considerable fund, to be applied by his trustees, at intervals of forty years from 1774, in the payment of two premiums for the best treatises on natural and revealed religion. 'The amount of the fund to be applied cannot be less at any period than L.1600, and, as nearly as can be ascertained, it will, on occasion of the next competition, be about L.2400. Three-fourths of the funds divisible at each period are appointed, by the terms of the bequest, to be paid to the author of the treatise which shall be found by the judges to possess the most merit; and the remaining fourth to the author of the treatise which, in the opinion of the judges, shall be next in merit to the former, after deducting therefrom the expense of printing and binding three hundred copies of each of the treatises, or of purchasing three hundred printed copies thereof, as the said trustees shall direct, to be distributed by them among such persons to whom they shall think the same will prove most useful, or in any other manner that they shall judge proper. The time allowed by the testators for the composition of the treatises for next competition extends to the 1st of January 1854.' Such are the terms of the announcement; it being further intimated that treatises for competition are to be sent to the agents of the trustees in Aberdeen.

No objection whatever can be taken to the principle of offering premiums for the best written treatises on subjects so important as natural and revealed religion; but to benefit the public by such treatises, it is not merely necessary to write them. Some years ago, the late Duke of Bridgewater bequeathed L.8000, to serve as a premium for the writing of a treatise on Natural Theology. His Grace's representatives subsequently called for eight several treatises on various sections of the subject, each to be rewarded by L.1000. The treatises were written, accepted, and paid for; but they cannot be said ever to have been made public in the proper sense of the word. The books were no doubt printed and issued, and to a certain extent they have been sold. Few people in England, however, know anything about them, or ever saw them. Issued in an expensive form, they could be purchased only by the wealthy—those to whom this species of literature was already familiar. The people at large—those who may be supposed to stand most in need of treatises of this nature—never cast eyes on them. As far as the general public are concerned, the 'Bridgewater Treatises' might about as well have never been in existence. A significant fact has, however, been reported; namely, that popular editions of these treatises have been published in the United States of America at a dollar per volume, and have consequently had an enormous sale; of course, as these do not circulate in Great Britain, their publicity is not a thing for which the duke's trustees can claim any thanks. It is to be hoped that the trustees of the Aberdeen bequest, before going farther, will consider whether it be within their power to prescribe the mode of publication of the treatises which are to be written under their auspices. As the sum of L.1800 or thereabouts is to be paid for one treatise, and L.600 for another, it appears not unreasonable to suggest that the respective authors should be held as relinquishing all claims to copyright, and that the publication of the works should be freely left to any one who might be pleased to undertake it as a matter of ordinary enterprise. If this were done, and if the works were possessed of merit, dozens of cheap editions would pour from the press, and the public would really be benefited by the bequest of the pious Aberdonian. If this is not done and if the issue of high-priced



volumes is alone proposed, the transaction must be viewed as of a private nature, of little or no interest to the masses, whose instruction and welfare may be presumed to have been contemplated by the testator.

#### AN ALDERMAN'S FAMILY SOLD TO PAY HIS DEBTS.

Among the many strange things told of slavery in the United States, we have heard of none more revolting, or more calculated to rouse sentiments of indignation, than what is conveyed in a paragraph which lately appeared in the 'Washington Patriot' newspaper. It is as follows:— 'We noticed a short time since the sudden disappearance from Charleston, South Carolina, of a certain alderman and bank-director, on account of debts he could not pay, and who was married to a mulatto woman, by whom he had six children. It turns out now that this mulatto woman was his slave, and consequently the six children are slaves also. The result is, the creditors of the absconding alderman have made arrangements to seize the wife and children, and sell them for her husband's and their father's debts.'

#### THE 1846 POTATO CALAMITY.

The privations endured by the poorer classes of Irish and Scotch Highlanders last winter and spring, in consequence of the failure in the potato crop, have enforced more than one valuable lesson. It has been shown, by evidence too conclusive to be disputed, that few things are more corrupting than the wholesale administration of charity—that no means more effectual could be devised for cultivating habits of idleness than the giving of money for nothing. In this word *nothing* we might include sham labour; for playing with a spade at a shilling a-day is scarcely worthy of the name of industry. We will not refer to the many strange stories told of Irish road labourers and the local committees who superintended their operations; we prefer adverting to the less expected and equally strange manoeuvres of the supposedly destitute Highlanders.

To rescue this impoverished body of our countrymen, and keep them from universally dying of famine, the best authorities represented that a million of money at the very least would be necessary. Nothing like a million was subscribed. The sum got together amounted to no more than L.117,000; nor has all this been used. After the time has elapsed when the whole people were to have died of famine, only L.47,000 out of the L.117,000 has been distributed; yet none have died. It becomes evident that the number assumed to be in need of relief, as well as the amount of relief required, had been monstrously exaggerated. The report just published by the board affords a melancholy revelation of the low tone of independence in the minds of the Highlanders, yet not lower than was to be expected from the state of tutelage in which they have been reared. It appears that men left their work on railway cuttings in the Lowlands, and returned to their native Highland districts, in order to share in the distribution of meal furnished by the charity fund. An inspector states, that in one place he found that the entire local committee, with one exception, had placed *themselves* on the list of paupers. This was bad enough; but the following shows that the demoralisation was not confined to one place:—The Glasgow Board had found many of the Highland population unwilling to work, and the local committees had allowed those men who had left their work on the railways and returned home, to be again put upon the relief fund in their respective districts. They had likewise found that *not a little* of the supplies had been given to parties on the poor-roll; and in one case they had been compelled to strike off a large number of persons who had been transferred from the parochial fund, to that which had been raised for a special object by the liberality of their fellow-countrymen. One of the proprietors in Mull had stated that he had been obliged to send to Glasgow for thirty Irishmen to perform some work on his estate, from the unwillingness of the people in his vicinity to work; and in these circumstances, the Glasgow Board felt that proceedings should be altogether stopped, till some distinct and strict system was adopted by the Board with regard to these irregularities.

It is unnecessary to go farther. We are not disposed to speak severely of a people who have many claims on our sympathy, and who may be said to have been demoralised by a train of circumstances over which they could exert no proper control. The real subject for complaint is the existence of a population in a condition approaching so nearly to want and barbarism, and whom the benevolent would far more effectually serve by transferring to new fields of enterprise—some of the colonial possessions, for example—than by periodically doling out meal to save them from instant starvation. Now is the time, when the day of famine is past, to enter on schemes for averting a fresh crisis of calamity; and towards such schemes the money still on hand might very properly be devoted.

#### TREATMENT OF ROYALTY ON ITS PEREGRINATIONS.

When royalty appears in public in the Metropolis and its neighbourhood, it excites little remark. On venturing into the provinces, it is sure to be beset by staring crowds, officious 'authorities,' and intrusive 'gentlemen of the press,' so as to be utterly deprived of the enjoyment of privacy, however much that may be desired. While disposed to look leniently on harmless curiosity, and even to admit that there may be some good feeling mixed up with the case, we cannot but deprecate the usual manner of treating a royal party on its peregrinations. If the Queen, for example, wishes to stop at a particular place to see a few of the objects commonly inquired after by tourists, it seems a hardship that she should have to pay for this gratification the *tax* of the formal reception of sheriffs and magistrates, and listening to their commonplace addresses. It might be well for a magistrate to appear unobtrusively on such an occasion, merely to see that the convenience of her Majesty was secured in all respects—to do this, and never once attempt to attract notice to himself. But to come forward in the paraphernalia of robes, and the attendance of assessors and recorders—to occupy her Majesty's time with affairs the very opposite of what she obviously wishes to be engaged in—leaves us to infer that they aim only at their own glory and gratification; and such conduct must accordingly be condemned as a mere impertinence. The childishness of these fussy exhibitions is what strikes us with most wonder. How it should occur that at one moment we shall see a large town taking a lead in great moral and political movements, having for their object the elevation of the masses of mankind, and that at another it will be absorbed in the business of raising a triumphal arch, merely to commemorate the fact of the Queen having landed there on a hunting excursion, is what we cannot pretend to reconcile with any theory of human nature which we have ever entertained. Perhaps *provincialism*—holding this as involving the magnification of small affairs—the mere 'P. P., clerk-of-the-parish' spirit—is the right explanation of the fact in itself. We would hope that the extended intercourse produced by railway travelling will help to abolish this amongst other follies, and enable the mass of her Majesty's subjects to receive her, wherever she goes, with simple good-breeding, joined to a due regard for self-respect.

#### WILLM ON THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

PROFESSOR NICHOI of Glasgow has performed a well-timed and every way valuable service to the country at the present moment, by publishing a translation of a continental work on education, together with a preliminary dissertation by himself.\* For many reasons—among which it is sufficient to state the newness of our best minds to the subject—England has produced no work on education answering to the requirements of the era; and perhaps for ten years to come, she will be unable to produce such a work. But on the continent, the subject is more advanced with the abler class of men, many of whom have been brought into practical acquaintance with it

\* W. Lang, Glasgow: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. London.

by employment in the state system, now of some standing in both France and Prussia. Hence it is that M. Willm, who holds the situation of an inspector of schools in the department of the Rhine, produced in 1842 a treatise at once philosophical and practical, presenting, in wonderful condensation, such a view of the whole matter, as may be a guide to the most ignorant. Here is everything educational—from great principles deduced from the constitution of our being, down to the humblest details of the organization of a school. It is—we say emphatically and advisedly—the book for all who would wish to know what education ought to be, and may be in these better days. Every legislator, every journalist, every teacher, every enlightened person taking an interest in the subject, should possess this very comprehensive treatise.

The work is systematically arranged, without becoming thereby in the least formal. The first part states the *Principle and Object of Education in General*, coming finally, after the discussion of every dogma on the subject, to this—to develop the germs of mental power and disposition planted in us by the Creator, fitting men at once for their places in society, and their parts in ‘the divine city which extends its shelter over all people, which embraces all time, and even reaches beyond it.’ ‘It should summon to light,’ says our author, ‘every germ of reason, of virtue, of greatness, which concur in constituting our true humanity, and sufficiently develop them to secure their victory over all opposing dispositions; so that, the thorns and necessities of life being inadequate to extinguish them, or give them a false direction, they may, on the contrary, be augmented and fortified by an unintermitting progress.’

‘Man thirsts naturally after the good, the true, the beautiful, and the infinite; whence arise the moral sentiments, the love of truth and knowledge, the feeling of the beautiful, and the sentiment of religion; which, as they are developed, become the moral conscience, knowledge of the system of the universe, taste or susceptibility in regarding beauty, and religion. In these, by man’s rational nature—that nature which is especially human, which distinguishes its possessor from the animals, and raises him above them, and by suitably nourishing these high dispositions, and inspiring man with the consciousness of what he may and ought to be—education places him in a condition to govern his animal nature, and make it subserve the grand ends of his existence. To be complete, then, education ought to be at once moral, intellectual, æsthetic, and religious; and since man is nothing without society, but, on the contrary, social by his nature, his education ought, at the same time, to be social and national. . . . Moral education, having for its object to inspire the sense and habit of charity, love of the good, the just, and the honourable; intellectual education, unfolding the universal order, nourishing the love of the true, and raising our mind by the spectacle of the wonders of external existence; æsthetic education, nourishing and guiding our sentiments of propriety, of the beautiful and the sublime; religious education, unfolding the idea of the Infinite, nourishing our fear of God, and faith in His providence; and lastly, social and national education, endeavouring to form the future citizen, to develop sociality, and our national sentiments. Each of these divisions demands a special kind of instruction and analogous exercises; there must be a moral instruction, an instruction wholly intellectual, an æsthetic instruction, a religious instruction, and a social and national instruction. These diverse kinds of instruction sup-

pose that wholly elementary teaching included in the programme of the primary schools; and they are afterwards completed by that other special instruction required for each individual in consideration of his special vocation or destiny. Thus education and instruction ought at first to be purely human, then national, then special and professional.’

This will show the wide principles on which M. Willm proceeds. The second part contains ample details of means and modes; the third is devoted to the means of training teachers. We cannot say we assent to every arrangement dictated by our author; but they bear, generally, the stamp of experience and sagacity, and, in a country unprovided with a national system, must be of vast utility. It would be tiresome to enter into the minor details of school-forming and teaching; but as a specimen of this part of the work, we may present M. Willm’s section on social and national education. Let Britain be substituted for France, and it entirely answers our own case.

‘The design,’ he says, ‘of this branch of education is to prepare children one day to become useful members of society, citizens, friendly to order, obedient to the laws, and devoted to their country. Inasmuch as these duties are imposed upon us by conscience, and consecrated by religion itself, social is included in moral education; but something more remains to be done than is accomplished by this. There is particular knowledge to be imparted on this subject, habits to be formed, and sentiments to be awakened, developed, and directed.’

‘There is something too confined in the idea usually attached to the word patriotism. He alone is not the true patriot who, passionately loving his country, is ready to make any sacrifice for it, to shed his blood for its prosperity, its glory, and its liberty; but he also is a patriot who, knowing that order is the first condition of public liberty and happiness, and that order supposes obedience to the laws, religiously observes them, even although they may clash with his private interests or personal opinions. Socrates, refusing to save himself by flight from an unjust sentence, and carrying his respect for the laws of his country so far as to die for them, proved himself to be a greater patriot even than when he merited the reward of valour in the field of battle. The just and wise man, according to him, is he who faithfully observes the laws of man and of God.’

‘This patriotism for law is the more meritorious that it is unostentatious; it is also on that account more difficult. To incline children to it, by making them understand its necessity, is the first duty of social education. There are many persons who, through ignorance, look upon taxes, especially on indirect ones, as a heavy, unjust burden, imposed by power rather than by necessity, and endeavour to evade them as much as possible. The people must be enlightened on this subject in the schools, and must be made to understand that tribute, including that of blood, is required for the life of the state.’

‘Civil and political probity is much more rare than private probity, even in the middling and higher classes of society. Historians relate that formerly, in some free towns of Germany, each man was left to tax himself according to his means, and to deposit, with no other witness than his own conscience, his voluntary gifts in the public chest; and they add, that the state in general profited by this method of collecting the taxes. We are very far removed from these simple and primitive manners. To deceive the public

treasury, by eluding as much as possible indirect taxes, is not only considered pardonable, but even as justifiable; some even go so far as to applaud themselves for it. The people scarcely look upon smuggling, poaching, or forest robbery as crimes. It is known, likewise, how the electoral privileges of all kinds are exercised. Popular education has a serious mission to fulfil in all these respects. It has to teach the future citizens that the performance of the duties imposed on them by this title, can alone render them worthy to enjoy the invaluable privileges which our institutions and laws secure to every Frenchman.

A thorough knowledge of these privileges, and institutions on which they are founded, might be given in all well-conducted elementary schools for boys, at the end of an abstract of the history of France. It is chiefly by this means that public education can become truly national. This branch of education doubtless presents great difficulties, and less evil would arise from neglecting it entirely, than from intrusting it to unskilful hands. But these difficulties cannot exempt popular education from an important duty; and we will see, when treating of instruction and normal schools, how it might be possible to provide for it without danger. The instances of devotion, and the noble deeds in which the history of France abounds, would also be an excellent means of instilling into the hearts of youth that sacred love of country to which all men are naturally inclined. To such accounts might be added an animated description of our beautiful country, to which nature has denied nothing that constitutes the true wealth of nations, and to which nothing is wanting to perfect happiness but the knowledge how to be happy, and an acknowledgment of the happiness it enjoys.

To dispose our youth towards patriotism, to make them love France, and be ready to devote themselves for her in the hour of danger, it is not necessary to inspire them with hatred towards foreigners: education can be quite national, and quite French, without ceasing to be human. France is powerful enough to have no need of fortifying herself by hatred for other nations; and she may allow ancient prejudices to fall without being thereby weakened. In the books we place in the hands of our children, I would not imitate the example set in some parts of Germany, where patriotism seems to be made to consist principally in horror of the French name. Let a just war arise, and our soldiers will fight the enemy, inspired solely by a love of their country and by duty. To such declamations of hatred against foreigners, I am happy and proud to be able to oppose the noble words recently uttered by one of our most illustrious writers [De Lamartine]. "Patriotism is the first sentiment, the first duty of man, whom nature binds to his country before all things by the ties of family, and of nature, which is only the family enlarged. Why is it sweet to die for one's country? Because it is to die for more than oneself, for something divine, for the continuance, for the perpetuity of that immortal family which has brought us forth, and from which we have received our all. But there are two kinds of patriotism: there is one composed of the hatreds, prejudices, and gross antipathies, which nations, rendered brutal by governments interested in disuniting them, cherish against each other. This patriotism is cheap; all it requires is to be ignorant, to hate, and revile. There is another, which, whilst it loves its own country above everything, allows its sympathies to flow beyond the barriers of race, of language, or of territories, and regards the various nationalities as part of that great whole, of which the various nations are so many rays, but of which civilisation is the centre; it is the patriotism of religion, it is that of philosophers, it is that of the greatest men of the state, and it was that of the men of 1789."

Professor Nichol's preliminary dissertation may be described as an application of M. Willm's views to our own country—a brave and eloquent piece of writing, characterised by more closeness of texture than usually

marks his compositions. The striking part relates to the aspect of our religious systems towards education, and the late unhappy movement of the government towards the confirmation of every existing sectarian division. 'The uprooting of a social evil,' says Mr Nichol, 'may often be a task so serious, that no practical statesman will consider it prudent to undertake it; but the cases are exceedingly rare in which a just and enlarged view of expediency can authorise the establishment, with a view to good ends, of exceptionable means:—words the more needful to be applied, considering with what an air of self-complacency the expositor of the government views took it upon him to ridicule every one who so much as hoped to see a national system of education free from such divisions. Some of the learned professor's remarks on this subject appear to us animated by such purpose, and expressed in such terms, as at least must save them from offending those who, starting perhaps from a different point, have come to believe that they think differently. 'How far,' he says, 'ought our religious variations to interfere with the common or united education of the young, even in matters expressly religious? It is of essential importance that we discuss this subject not as sectarians, but as Christian men. Can it be possible, then—surrounded as we are by the noblest examples of worth and piety, limited to no church, confined within no special creed—can it be possible to evade the conclusion, that perhaps the most important elements of the Christian life are, after all, those grand sanctions which, for the most part, lie below our sectarian differences? How far, let me be permitted to ask, would these specialities of our separate churches interfere with our efforts to bring the young mind into submission to the wholly unmetaphysical teaching of Christ? Nay, to look deeper into the subject: what is the ultimate aim of all sects?—what the object of their apparatus of creeds and worship? Is it not, in so far as teaching is concerned, to reconcile the mercy of the Almighty with our ideas of His holiness? Is it not to present Him as infinitely pure, hateful of sin, and yet the merciful Father of the repentant wanderer? If any sectarian scheme whatsoever has reached, as its final result, conclusions—I don't say at variance with, but loftier in any sense than the lesson in our Lord's tale of the Prodigal, I confess they are unknown to me: and I earnestly appeal to those to whom the young generation is the dearest—to those conscientious parents who are thinking solely of their children's welfare—why these children might not be taught in common that exquisite representation of our relations with a holy and merciful God? It is true this is not the whole of the scheme of Christianity. It is, besides, a most profound philosophical or metaphysical system, and as such it is represented in our articles; but assuredly, our distinct duty to the child is, in the first place, to draw out his religious sentiments—to familiarise him with those grand intuitions on which that system rests—and certainly by no means to substitute a purely dogmatic teaching. We are verging, perhaps, on too logical an age. The un-resting energies around us—that excessive bustle of modern life—conduce to intellectual activity, but they are adverse to the sustenance of contemplation; and I should say, therefore, that it is a formal duty with the churches, acting for the highest interests of culture in our times, to address themselves powerfully to the development of the intuitions; in other words, to the inculcation of religion on the young mind, by that best method of the Gospels. It is right, indeed, that teaching should proceed further than this. Just as in the case of morals, when the scholar's intellect is ripe enough, he should be led into contact with those difficulties and contests whose record occupies the pages of ecclesiastical histories; and probably one good manner of presenting a view of these is by the form of catechisms. But the teaching of catechisms, in this view of the subject, must clearly belong to the category of special instruction, and therefore may be studied apart. I would fain appeal, on this question, to the powerful



and enlightened Church of England. The greatest of the reformed churches, it ought to be the most generous; and it requires only a few amendments in its practice to place it in the loftiest position yet ever held by any church—apart, namely, from all sectarianism—and as the acknowledged head of every great movement of civilisation.'

## EVERY-DAY ENTOMOLOGY.

### THE WASP FAMILY.

POETS and essayists are in the habit of likening the wasp to fops of another genus, and *vice versa*. This questionable sort of reputation these insects must ascribe to their splendid caparison, and to their apparently useless position in the world. The simile is more true in a more curious respect; for there are annual reunions of these glittering creatures, just as in the fashionable world—a fashionable season of a few months, and then all disperse again. The economy of the wasp family possesses considerable interest, and deserves far more attention than in our hostile state of feelings towards the race we are readily disposed to believe. It is only necessary that the real character of the tribe should be known, to remove at least the blot of laziness from it. That they are a set of bold, insolent, daring robbers, no one can deny; yet give them their due, and we shall admit that there is much in their habits deserving our admiration, and that even their audacious thefts have their redeeming points.

The general aspect of the *Vespidæ*, or wasps, is sufficiently familiar to obviate the necessity of description. Their black and gold-painted bodies, their powerful mandibles, formidable stings, and their surface destitute of hairs, are present to the eye at the very mention of the word. The society consists of males, females, and neuters, each having their appropriate functions; but the males, on the whole, leading the quietest and least arduous lives. The females are the hardworking foundresses of the colony, and the neuters are wasps of all-work—robbing, fighting, defending, nursing, and building indifferently, and by turns. Their history commences most conveniently for our purposes in the spring. At the conclusion of the preceding summer, the males, after pairing, all died, and there remained but a few females behind of all the busy ranks which crowded the vespiary. These are awakened by the return of spring. The solitary wasp finds herself immediately summoned to active duties. She has to construct the carcass, and to excavate the earthwork, for her future people and city. Serious as is the task, she has to effect it all alone; not a single companion to cheer her hours of incessant toil, or to lighten her labour by a single load! Her energies are equal to the undertaking: she is to be seen buzzing about in the sunny mornings, looking out for a site. It is soon found: it is some dry, warm bank; and here she sets to her work. She perforates it, and forms a long circuitous tunnel, at the extremity of which she digs out a vault of considerable dimensions. This task is performed in no careless or slovenly manner; although every particle of rubbish which the little excavator tears from the walls of her cavern must be carried in her jaws, she does not leave it at the entrance, but voluntarily entails upon herself the vast additional labour of casting it away to some distance. Her design in so doing appears to be principally to avoid the risk of her cell being discovered by a heap of rubbish at the foot of the bank. After the labour of excavation is ended, the walls are to be plastered, and to this fresh duty she at once addresses herself. Surely every person has seen the nest of the wasp, and wondered at its exquisite and delicate architecture of celled paper? Behold the architect! The nest is really made of paper: it was for some time a puzzle to our philosophers. Reaumur appears first to have detected the wasp in the very act of this manufacture. He beheld her alight on a deal window-frame; and watching, saw her tear a bundle of

delicate hair-like fibres, about an inch in length, from it, bruising the woody fibre with her mandibles until it became like a fine lint. This is the material from which the papyraceous plaster is to be prepared. Flying away with it to her abode, it is there made into a proper consistency by the addition of her tenacious saliva; and when this part of the process is complete, it forms a fine, smooth, adhesive paste, precisely analogous to the product of our cumbrous and costly mechanism *papier maché*. Rolling it into a sort of pellet, she conveys it to the summit of the dome, plasters it on the wall, and spreads it out, by means of her legs and jaws, into a very thin lamina, which is veritable paper. Leaf after leaf must be added, until the whole cavity is thus papered or plastered over, and not with one coat alone; generally the insect lays down fifteen or sixteen, leaving spaces between each layer for the advantages of inward lightness and strength to her ceiling. Her labours do not end here. She has built the walls of the city, it remains for her to commence the edifices, and supply the population. She builds a terrace of hexagonal cells, of marvellous exactness, and suspends it by paper pillars from the roof of her texture. These terraces emulate in elegance and artistic skill, and far surpass in utility, the famous hanging gardens and terraces of the renowned city of old. A few hundred cells are thus constructed, and at length an interval of comparative repose awaits the labourer, while she proceeds to fulfil her more proper duties as a parent. Single-handed, she has laid the foundation of the vesp-polis, and has marked out the general design of its future buildings; but she must have further assistance before the city will be complete. The walls, at present bare and desolate, the palace empty and still, are soon to resound with the hum of life, and with the busy labours of a new generation. In the cells the insect deposits her ova, gluing them to the walls by an adhesive substance. These are soon hatched, they become larvae, and are for some time entirely dependent upon their parent's exertions for their supply of food. She has to forage for this numerous and voracious progeny, and runs about from cell to cell with the utmost solicitude, while the grubs put forth their mouths, and are fed by her just as the 'callow brood' of a bird is fed. Most pleasing is it to observe the anxious mother keeping watch over her offspring, and apparently many a needless time popping her head into their snug cots, as if to see how they do, and to give a mouthful of food now and then to some tender young larva not yet big enough to put its head out to be fed! A few weeks slip by—a great change has come over the vespiary; it is replete with life; hundreds of workers have been born in the interim, and are now labouring might and main, with the empress at their head, to extend the buildings, and enlarge the city. When complete, a vespiary has been calculated to contain about fifteen or sixteen thousand cells, each of which is thrice a cradle; and therefore, in a single season, each nest will probably be the birthplace of full thirty thousand wasps.

Such is the birth and development of this insect colony—a lesson to states, and nations, and individuals, of the certain results of indomitable perseverance. Let us trace out its government and destinies. The empress—the protoplast of this interesting microcosm, the foundress of this bustling republic—is an exaggerated type of the duties of its female members. These are produced in comparatively small numbers; they perform the proper duties of wives and mothers; they stay at home, feed the children, and attend to the nurseries; they mostly perish before winter; but a few, more hardy than their fellows, endure its cold, and become the perpetuators of the race in the ensuing spring. The males, according to the younger Huber, are far more industrious than the male bees, or drones, they are less active by far than the neuters, or working-wasps. They have the peaceful occupation of scavenging the streets; they sweep the floors of the terraces and avenues, and diligently carry off every particle of rubbish. They also undertake the funerals of any

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deceased companions, and speedily cast the dead bodies out of the vespiary. On the whole, they are useful members of the community; and they probably owe their permission to live to their diligence. The 'workers' are the most interesting class: they are smaller in size than either male or female wasps, but are wonderfully energetic, and indefatigably laborious. Some are builders and repairers of the breach; they receive a commission to make excursions for building materials; and returning home with their bundles of lint, set themselves to the repairs and extension of the city. Others are the commissariats: the issues of life at home are intimately connected with their expeditions. They roam over fields and meadows, frequently catching flies and weaker insects, and carrying the game home often with no inconsiderable difficulty. Dr Darwin says he once beheld a curious act of a wasp: it had caught a large fly, and in rising with it into the air, the breeze caught its wings, and nearly wrenched it from the wasp's clutches. The insect immediately alighted, and deliberately saved off the wings of its victim, when it was able to carry it in safety away. There was a something nobler than instinct in this action; nor is it by any means an isolated example of insect sagacity. Others seek our orchards, select the ripest, sweetest fruits, suck their juices, and convey home the luscious treasure, of which but a small portion is for themselves. These foragers will even enter and rob beehives. Those that tarry at home, in every instance share the spoil. Our grocery stores, pastrycooks, and butchers' stalls, are equally attractive to the forager-wasps. Surely it is some palliation of the robbery to remember the claims of hungry kinsfolk, friends, and acquaintance, and little ones at home? There is no squabbling at their orderly meal-times; no fighting for the 'lion's share'; each expectant insect receives its due portion, and is content therewith. 'I have seen,' writes the fascinating observer Reaumur, 'a worker, after returning home with spoil, on entering the nest, quietly perch at the top and protrude a clear drop of fluid from its mouth. Several wasps drank together from this crystal drop until it was all swallowed; then the worker would cause a second, and sometimes a third drop to exude, the contents of which were distributed in peace to other wasps.' If we have any young readers of these entomological sketches, here is a lesson for them!

The mode of government is republican: there is no recognised head, as with the bees; yet an amount of even military discipline, and the utmost order, are to be found among the subjects. The good of the commonwealth seems to be the prevailing object of each insect. If the workers are building, each has its own spot, about an inch square, assigned to it, as the amount of work it is expected to execute. It was an interesting discovery of Mr Knight, that wasps also have sentinels. These are placed at the entrance of the vespiary; they run gently in and out of it, and give immediate notice of the approach of danger. To their communications alone does the community give heed; and on their giving the alarm, will issue in angry hosts to avenge the injury, and defend their home to the death. Sometimes, however, but rarely, intestine combats take place; and there are terrific duels between the workers, or between a worker and a male. This is a bad affair for the latter, as he has no sting: his fate is generally to die.

One of the most striking facts in the natural history of the Vespidæ is the occurrence of an annual massacre in October. Then the vespiary is indeed a scene of horrible atrocities and profuse carnage. The wasps, whose affection for their young is generally remarkably strong, seem then to be possessed with frenzied rage against them. They cease to feed their larvæ: 'they do worse,' angrily writes Reaumur, 'the mothers become implacable murderers; they drag the helpless larvæ out of their cells, slay them, and scatter them outside the nest, strewing the very earth with their dead carcasses. There is no compunction: the massacre is universal.' A wise purpose is fulfilled by this apparent cruelty. The coming

winter would rapidly destroy, by a far more miserable death, all that are killed on this occasion; and it is a stroke of mercy to terminate their sufferings by a blow. The early frosts destroy the murderers themselves. The scene is now, in truth, altered; 'the populous city has become waste, and without inhabitant,' saving some one or two females, which spend the winter in the depths of the vespiary. The complicated galleries, cells, and hanging terraces, and the entire framework of the nest, are for ever vacated when the female leaves them in the spring; and this exquisite specimen of insect architecture is abandoned to the destroying influences of time and accident. These interesting features of the history of the Vespidæ are full of subject-matter for our meditation and admiration, indicating, so clearly as they do, that the 'Hand that made them is divine'; yet all these marvellous sagacities, contrivances, governing principles, present us with but dim and broken reflections of the far-seeing Wisdom that created all things, 'and for whose pleasure they are and were created.'

A few more particulars will make the history of this family a little more complete. The preceding sketch has dealt only with the common wasp, *Vespa vulgaris*. The mason-wasp is a solitary insect, and builds its nest in sand and brick, being able, by means of its strong mandibles, to break off pieces of brick with ease, and to burrow to a considerable depth in its substance. It has the peculiarity of storing up ten or twelve green larvæ, as food for its own, and resorts to a curious contrivance to prevent them from moving out of its reach. The hornet, *Vespa crabro*, selects for its habitation commonly some decayed, hollow trunk, where, building its nest, it forms a tortuous gallery of entrance. The American farmers are said to make use of these nests to destroy domestic flies, hanging them up in their rooms, where they do not molest the family, but fall entirely upon the flies. Another species, the *Vespa Britannica*, forms a curious oval nest, sometimes to be seen hanging from the branches of trees. Others form elegant nests, like half-open flowers, with a platform of cells at the bottom. A foreign species constructs a beautiful nest, of a substance identical with the very finest card-board, suspending it, like a watch from a guard-chain, by a ring at the extremity of the bough, out of the reach of monkeys. Sometimes these nests grow to an enormous size. Mr Westwood states that the Zoological Society has one six feet long. A South American species of wasp imitates the bee, and is a collector of honey.

Bold as are the Vespidæ, great as is their fecundity, they are mercifully kept in check. The ichneumon is their ferocious foe; in the West Indian islands they are the victims of a parasitic plant, which vegetates in their interior; man leagues his forces against them; and nature itself, in a deluging season or severe winter, destroys thousands, and prevents the plague becoming greater than we are able to bear.

#### PAPA'S TRIAL.

THE Boys put up a prayer to Jupiter, representing that they had long been subjected to a grievous rule on the part of their papas, who treated them rigorously at all times, and often punished them severely for light offences, while there was much reason to believe that papas in general were themselves no better than they should be. They therefore demanded permission to try a Papa before a court of Boys, as a step towards forming some sort of judgment as to the justice of this rule. Jupiter was pleased, in consequence, to issue a commission for that purpose.

A Papa being accordingly caught, a court was formed, over which George Plumb, a noted booby, presided as judge; while Tom Foxey, a youth notorious for never having whole clothes, or being out of a scrape, acted as prosecutor. That there might be at the same time perfect fairness, the prisoner was allowed to have for his counsel the most distinguished dux of the time and

place, Jack Smart by name. A jury, composed of a top class from an infant school, was duly impanelled.

Tom Foxey, in opening the proceedings, observed that the gentleman brought before them that day was not accused of any specific crime, unless the fact of his belonging to the tyrant class of papas might be so considered; in which case his guilt must be great indeed, seeing that he was an unusually extensive papa, in as far as he had ten children—six boys, and four girls. The object was to subject him to a trial of qualifications or pretensions, to ascertain if he were, from his own conduct and character, worthy to hold that absolute rule over certain of his fellow-creatures, usually called his family, which he claimed to do on the grounds of old use and wont. The time had been when an inquiry of this kind would have been held as an unnatural rebellion; but such times were now passed away. Everything was now questioned, everything had to stand and give an account of itself, and why should not the despotism of the paternal rule do the same? He did not believe there was any partiality shown in the selection of a subject for trial. The gentleman in the dock was a passable enough man in the world—a very fair specimen, he would say, of his class. He would now proceed, however, to bring forward evidence to display the actual lineaments of his character; after which it would be for the jury to say whether he was entitled to hold any kind of rule over his children or not.

Jack, the prisoner's eldest son, being sworn, deposed that his Papa was an exceedingly ignorant man, having entirely neglected his own learning in youth; yet he had all his children at study for twelve hours a-day, and punished them for failure in their lessons with even more severity than their masters. He scarcely ever went to church; but he caused all the young people to go with their mamma twice every Sunday, and rigorously enjoined the parson to keep them well up in the catechism; though he scarcely knew one question from another himself. He generally thrashed at the rate of two children a-day on an average, the offences being usually of the slightest kind—such as laughing at the governess's painted eyebrows, or wheedling something nice from the cook, to make up for the ultra plain fare which was assigned to them. Had heard it said that Papa once sold a horse as sound, which turned out to be broken in wind; the fact being the more deeply impressed on his memory, as that day Papa had whipped Bill within an inch of his life for denying that he had picked up a fallen apple in the garden. Papa was observed to be always most cross when he had been making most merry. For example, if he had been at an unusually boisterous party, where a vast quantity of wine was drunk, he was sure to come home with a very stern and defying countenance, and almost for certain would fall a-scolding both mamma and the children.

Dick, another son of the prisoner, confirmed all that Jack had said, with the addition, that Papa always beat them for rough words spoken among themselves, and yet would both swear and throw buttered toast at the servants, when the said toast was not done to his mind.

Tag, a tyger, lately in the employment of the prisoner, stated that master was liable to be irritated by trifles; such as a spot of dirt left on the outside of the carriage, or the emptiness of cruetts at table. On these occasions he never failed to blow up missus, and then was sulky for all the rest of the evening. Master had been engaged in two duels, and was never out of law-suits, notwithstanding which, he beat his sons if they ever fought with each other. (*Sensation in the court.*) Had been obliged to leave the place, in consequence of suffering so much from master's temper.

Henry Baddely, Esq. knew the prisoner; had been his club acquaintance for many years; sometimes had transactions in business with him. Thought him much like other men—that is, he liked a good dinner, and plenty of wine after it; could not do without having

his own way at home; would take all fair advantage in business—that is, advantages not forbidden by law or the code of honour; paid his debts when he could; was anxious to take all the pleasure out of that that was to be had, and thought the opera the finest thing in the world. Had once heard him speak of his duties of life, referring particularly to the propriety of his children never doing anything contrary to his will.

Here the case was closed for the prosecution. Evidence on the defensive was then brought forward by the prisoner's counsel. And first his wife was called, whereupon Mr Foxey objected for the prosecution, the so near a connexion might not be adduced on that side, seeing that there was such a natural prepossession in such relations in behalf of any party under accusation. Mr Smart agreed to refer the point to the learned judge, who instantly decided that the lady might be heard, remarking, that the objection was founded entirely on mistake; in fact, common observation showed that no one was ever found so extremely candid about one's faults as one's nearest relations.

The lady had been married twenty years—had some idea that her marriage had been a happy one, but could not be sure, in as far as she did not know what constituted a happy marriage. Her husband pursued his own course, and was much from home with his friends, while she attended to domestic matters. He seldom was in bad humour oftener than thrice a-week; in this state, sometimes scolded, sometimes sulked, oftentimes the latter. He never interfered about the children, except to thrash them when they did anything displeasing to him. Did not think him a bad father, because their neighbour Danson had once broken his boy's arm in a passion, which her husband had never done. Believed that his grand motive for being severe with the boys, was his having been an exceedingly wild boy himself—he felt, from his own case, that one never could be too strict with young people. Did not know how it was, but the boys did not become any better under their father's discipline. He was aware they did not like him, but always thought it was because he did not chastise them enough. Things, therefore, always seemed to be getting worse. Was often sorry for the boys, but believed it to be all for their good, having been assured by her husband that there was something of the devil at the bottom of all boys' characters, and which required to be thrashed out of them.

The mother of the prisoner was also examined on this side. She knew that her son had been wild in youth, and was anxious that his boys should be better than himself. Thought, as their mother was chiefly concerned in their upbringing, there might be other causes than her son's conduct for their not giving satisfaction. Feared they were screened too much when they did wrong. It was impossible for any father, who only saw his children two or three times a-week, to be responsible for them, beyond punishing what he found positively wrong.

The evidence for the prisoner being now closed, Mr Foxey said it was unnecessary for him to occupy the court with long speeches. They had heard how the accused conducted himself in general. Constantly occupied with the pursuit of wealth or his own selfish pleasures, he had no time, as it did not appear he had any wish, to train his children aright. For all their consequent shortcomings, real or supposed, he could only lay on the lash. Was this justice to Young Ireland, or Young England or Scotland either? At the same time, every offence for which he punished his children, he was in the habit of continually committing in an aggravated form himself, thus adding hypocrisy to his other guilt. In short, it fully appeared, even from the evidence in his own defence, that he was a very bad person, who only could be called a Papa by courtesy. Mr Foxey was therefore fully of opinion that he had no true title to a sovereign rule over the young and rising members of society who happened to have been born in his household; and he craved judgment accordingly.

Mr Smart almost as a representative of that there however I He treat redit city. The unfavoura anything A universa detriment instantly s The ju been han nounced a out leavin The ju solemn n wanting. verdict a could not incompet to have n he said, expressing diately s rity which can be d forth to The co Papa, w proceedi approve it was n every p more pr

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Mr Smart made some remarks on the other side, but almost as much as admitted that it was a bad case. He represented, however, amidst the smiles of the court, that there was something sacred in the title of Papa, however imperfectly the character might be fulfilled. He intreated the jury to think of this, ere they gave any verdict that might tend to derogate from parental authority. They ought also to be sure, before pronouncing unfavourably, how boys were to be kept in order, if anything should come between them and the salutary dread under which they now stood regarding fathers. A universal family anarchy might ensue, to the serious detriment of the republic. (*Laughter, which Mr Plumb instantly silenced.*)

The jury (to whom a service of rolls and butter had been handed in the middle of the proceedings) pronounced a verdict of unworthiness against Papa, without leaving the box.

The judge then addressed the prisoner in a very solemn manner. He had been duly tried, and found wanting. The evidence had been quite conclusive; the verdict arrived at instantly, without dispute. There could not be a doubt that Papa had been fully proved incompetent for the sacred function which he pretended to have an indefeasible right to exercise. 'I am sorry,' he said, 'that this court has no power beyond that of expressing its opinion. The prisoner must be immediately set at large, and allowed to resume that authority which he abuses. There is no help for it. All that can be done is, for our friends Jack, Dick, &c. henceforth to take their thrashings under protest.'

The court was then dissolved, with three groans for Papa, who retired evidently much crestfallen. The proceedings having been reported to Jupiter, were fully approved by that eminent divinity, who remarked that it was not now his custom to use his thunder against every petty offender, otherwise Papa might have had more pressing reason to repent of his delinquencies.

### AFFECTATION.

AMONGST the whole number of Rochefoucauld's 'Maximes,' there is none more constantly verified by what we see in every-day life than this one—'On n'est jamais si ridicule par les qualités que l'on a que par celles que l'on affecte d'avoir.'—['People are never so ridiculous in consequence of qualities they really possess, as those of which they affect to have.'] If a thorough conviction of the truth of this maxim could by any means be impressed on every one to whom it is applicable, it would go a good way towards revolutionising the manners of half the population. But those to whom it is most applicable, are precisely those unthinking persons on whom all reasoning would be utterly wasted. There are, however, a very large number who have sense enough to see the truth, if they can only be induced to pay attention to it, and whose tendency to affected habits would be easily checked, if they could be made to see them in the same light as others do. Of the motives which regulate our ordinary life, there is none greater than the desire of our neighbour's respect, or fear of his ridicule. Wounded vanity or diminished self-respect is the bitterest and most unforgiving enemy you can raise up. A man may know that you *hate* him, and yet become your friend afterwards; but if he knows that you *despise* him, he is, and will be, your enemy for life. Now, of all the defects and infirmities under which a person labours from natural causes, or others over which he has had no control, there is none which brings the person into contempt. Sometimes, it is true, children and others may laugh at some of those mistakes or accidents occasioned by these things—as, for instance, at a deaf person's making an irrelevant answer to a question, &c.; but this is unaccompanied by the slightest particle of disrespect. But if the individual having these imperfections endeavours foolishly to conceal them, they become forthwith objects of ridicule. Now, nobody would attempt

this concealment, unless he imagined that he was gaining in respect by it; whereas the natural imperfections would never have raised a sneer, whilst the attempts at hiding them are just what people laugh at. But the great mass of the affected have no such excuse as the desire to cover over natural defects. These are generally purely gratuitous attempts to make one's-self look very grand, or very handsome, or very wise; whilst every bystander is exclaiming, 'What an ass that fellow is making of himself!' It is really astonishing how quickly everything like showing off is detected. Insolent and vulgar people take a wicked pleasure in mortifying all such affected persons to their faces (and really sometimes they deserve it); whilst better-mannered spectators are quietly laughing 'in their sleeve.' Let us take a few examples in illustration. Perhaps one of the most frequent, though trifling causes of people making themselves ridiculous, is dress. Now, I have often thought it a great pity that the poorer classes (especially) cannot be convinced that they look every bit as 'respectable' in their everyday working clothes (*if clean*), as if dressed out in the gaudiest Sunday finery. And it is precisely their *over-doing* it on Sundays that marks out their want of good taste. There is something *dignified* in the appearance of a number of masons or carpenters, &c. going to their work, which cannot have a stronger contrast than in the tawdry finery—rings, gilt chains, pins, and nobody can tell what rubbish besides—with which the conceited shopman decks himself on Sundays, looking, nevertheless, stiff and ill at ease. The grand characteristic of gracefulness is to be quiet, easy, and natural. How many ladies are there in Great Britain who can *walk* gracefully? The reason of there being so few who do so, is, that they are not accustomed to it; it is *not natural* to them. Now, all the dancing-masters in existence can never make them do that gracefully which is not acquired naturally. Let them become as much *accustomed* to walking as the signoras of Spain, and they will do it as gracefully.

Again, take the tone of voice and accent as an example. If anything will sicken and disgust a man, it is the affected, mincing way in which some people choose to talk. It is perfectly nauseous. If these young jackanapes, who screw their words into all manner of diabolical shapes, could only feel how perfectly disgusting they were, it might induce them to drop it. With many it soon becomes such a confirmed habit, that they cannot again be taught to talk in a plain, straightforward, manly way. In the lower order of ladies' boarding-schools, and indeed too much everywhere, the same sickening mincing tone is often found. Some specimens I have heard, which make me feel sick even to think of them. Do, pray, good people, talk in your natural tone, if you don't wish to be utterly ridiculous and contemptible; for there is nothing which more inevitably marks a coxcomb and a fool than this same sentimental mealy-mouthedness. They fancy that it is 'aristocratic!' I have not the entrée at Devonshire House myself, but I would refer the men to the Houses of Lords and Commons, and the ladies to our Queen, believing in neither will they find any precedent for their fooleries. All travellers amongst the native Indians of America remark the gracefulness and dignity which characterise their actions. There is no reason why ours should not be the same. Only be natural, and you avoid most of what is *ungraceful*; and by being content with your own natural character and appearance, you will certainly escape that contemptuous ridicule which invariably falls on every species of Affectation.

### GOOD AND BAD FORTUNE.

We are apt to ascribe our good or bad fortune only to our last action, and not to the many preceding; and we hear, when we inquire of ourselves, as when we ask echo, only the last words repeated.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

## THE NEEDLE, PEN, AND SWORD.

[BY MRS L. H. SIGOURNEY.]

'WHAT hast thou seen, with thy shining eye,  
Thou Needle, so subtle and keen?'

\* I have lent to Beauty new power to reign  
At bridal and courtly hall;  
Or, wedded to Fashion, have helped to bind  
Those gossamer links that the strongest mind  
Have sometimes held in thrall.

I have drawn a drop, so round and red,  
From the finger small and white,  
Of the startled child, as she strove with care  
Her doll to deck with some gewgaw rare,  
But wept at my puncture bright.

I have gazed on the mother's patient brow,  
As my utmost speed she plied,  
To shield from Winter her children dear,  
And the knell of midnight smote her ear,  
While they slumbered at her side.

I have heard, in the hut of the pining poor,  
The shivering inmate's sigh,  
When faded the warmth of her last, faint brand,  
As slow, from her cold and clammy hand,  
She let me drop—to die!'

'What dost thou know, thou gray Goose Quill?'  
And methought, with a spasm of pride,  
It sprang from the inkstand, and fluttered in vain  
Its nib to free from the ebon stain,  
As it fervently replied:

'What do I know!—Let the lover tell,  
When into his secret scroll  
He pourest the breath of a magic lyre,  
And tracest those mystical lines of fire  
That move the maiden's soul.

What do I know!—The wife can say,  
As the leaden seasons move,  
And over the ocean's wildest sway  
A blessed misaive doth wend its way,  
Inspired by a husband's love.

Do ye doubt my power?—Of the statesman's ark,  
Who buffets Ambition's blast:  
Of the convict, who shrinks in his cell of care;  
A flourish of mine hath sent him there,  
And locked his fetters fast;

And a flourish of mine can his prison open—  
From the gallows its victim save;  
Break off the treaty that kings have bound,  
Make the oath of a nation an empty sound,  
And to Liberty lead the slave.

Say, what were History, so wise and old,  
And Science, that reads the sky,  
Or how could Music its sweetness store,  
Or Fancy and Faction their treasures pour,  
Or what were Poesy's heaven-taught lore,  
Should the Pen its aid deny?

Oh doubt, if ye will, that the rose is fair,  
That the planets pursue their way;  
Go, question the fires of the noontide sun,  
Or the countless streams that to ocean run,  
But ask no more what the Pen hath done.  
And it scornfully turned away.

'What are thy deeds—thou fearful thing  
By the lordly warrior's side?'  
And the Sword answered, stern and slow,  
'The hearthstone lone, and the orphan knave,  
And the pale and widowed bride.

The shriek and the shroud of the battle-crowd,  
And the field that doth rock below;  
The wolf that laps where the gash is red,  
And the vulture that tears ere life hath fled,  
And the prowling robber that stripes the dead,  
And the foul hyena, know.

The rusted plough, and the seed unsown,  
And the grass that doth rankly grow  
O'er the rotting limb, and the blood-pool dark,  
Gaunt Famine, that quenches life's lingering spark,  
And the black-winged Pestilence, know.

Death, with the rush of his harpy brood,  
Sad Earth, in her pang and throes,  
Demons that riot in slaughter and crime,  
And the throng of the souls sent before their time  
To the bar of the Judgment, know.'

Then the terrible Sword to its sheath returned,  
While the Needle sped on in peace;  
But the Pen traced out, from a Book sublime,  
The promise and pledge of that better time  
When the warfare of earth shall cease.

—American newspaper.

## PATERNAL DUTY.

The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief and occasional word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it any excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living without this effort. I ask, By what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which he desires? Is it an advantage to them to be relieved from the necessity of labour? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely well-cultivated intellects, hearts sensible to domestic affection; the love of parents, and brethren, and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order, regularity, and industry; a hatred of vice and vicious men; and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue—are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property—simple property, purchased by the loss of every habit which could render that property a blessing.—*Wayland's Moral Science.*

## THE DOOM AND GUERDON OF THE SCHOOLMASTER.

There is neither fortune nor fame to be acquired in fulfilling the laborious task of the village schoolmaster. Doomed to a life of monotonous labour, sometimes requited with ingratitude and injustice, by ignorance, he will often be oppressed with melancholy, and perhaps sink under the weight of his thankless toil, if he do not seek strength and courage elsewhere than in the views of immediate and personal interest. He must be sustained and animated by a profound sense of the moral importance of his labours; he must learn to regard the austere pleasure of having served mankind, and secretly contributed to the public weal, as a price worthy of his exertions, which his conscience pays him. It is his glory to aspire to nothing above his obscure and laborious condition, to make unnumbered sacrifices for those who profit by him; to labour, in a word, for man, and wait for his reward from God.—*Guizot.*

## A MAN.

The man whom I call deserving the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than himself, whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven and earth afford means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious road, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

## NOTE.

In an article in No. 189, on the East Smithfield Wash-houses, there is an indistinctness of expression regarding the clothes-drying apparatus, leading to a doubt as to the authorship of that invention. We take this opportunity of stating that the apparatus is a patented invention of Messrs Davison and Symington.

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